

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenuen hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattered?
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue scene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stutty; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuert to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.
Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Lucene,
Polonius, Ophelia.*

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

Prince of Denmarke.

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild mee.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calse there,
Be the Players readie?

Res. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God your onely Tigge-maker, what should a man do but
be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my
father died within's two howres.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a
lute of fables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet,
then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a
yeere, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for
ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

H.

Enter